The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

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A Chapter of Life.

Have you learnt what it is to be sad?
When the days and the nights seem cold,
When all seems gone that was glad,
And all that was young seems old.

When without all seems bleak and drear,
And the fire has burnt low within.
When the sounds, that you held so dear,
Seem turned to a clamorous din.

When the sky, that was yesterday bright,
Seems sunless, and oh! so grey,
When hope seems lost. When the night
Seems all too short for the day.

I have learnt it in days that are past,
And often must learn it again;
But the sunshine follows the blast,
And the sweeter the flowers for the rain.

'Tis a chapter in life's wondrous tale,
Each reads it and each pays the cost;
But without it the grandeur would pale,
And the beauty of living be lost.

J. DRINKWATER.

The question is not how to convert Jews to Christianity, but how to treat them, in all lands, in a Christian spirit.

The Christian religion will never get a fair trial and do its perfect work until all the energies of the church are brought to bear not upon the control of belief, but upon the development of character, and the moral evolution of society in this world.

The Teacher's Inspiration.*

I have been present, as no doubt many of you have also, at numerous conferences similar to this in which we are engaging this afternoon. There seems to be no end to the desire on the part of Sunday School teachers and workers to discuss together methods, management, discipline, and so forth. Nor is there any lack of good and sound advice on all these heads among us. If we could but put into practice a tithe of the excellent precepts which we have heard and to which we have from time to time assented, there is little doubt but that our schools would soon be model schools in many respects. We have not met together here with any vague, indefinite purposes, but with the exceedingly definite and positive idea of benefiting the schools of which we are members. May I say, before coming into closer touch with my subject, that I have chosen to speak on the "Teacher's Inspiration," not merely because at these conferences we more frequently direct our thoughts outward to questions of management and method, but also because I believe that whatever be the method or management the one important factor in all teaching is not

* A paper read at Swinton on Sunday, March 27th, to a United Teachers' Meeting of the Manchester Unitarian Sunday Schoo Union.

so much the scholar, the subject, or even the training of the teacher. It is rather the *inspiration of the teacher*, which, under whatever circumstances, must give the tone and define the influence that is exerted. We must, of course, attend to the demands of efficiency in every department. We need to give at least as much thought and care and attention to the incidents of school management and method as are exercised in connection with our day schools. We need to advance with the times, and adapt ourselves to growing knowledge and widening thought. But however perfect our system, and however orderly our outward arrangements may be, nothing can do away with the need in the Sunday School for teachers who are in a real sense inspired, who are fully conscious of the significance of the work in which they are engaged, and who are ready to give themselves for high ideals of service. It may be that we begin to flag and grow weary, that we are deadened by the routine of our work, that we are disheartened by the indifference that is shown in religious matters generally, and by the cry that is sometimes raised that Sunday Schools are out of date. I cannot think that we shall persist in our pessimism if we can only bring home to our hearts the real issues that are involved, if we can only come to understand how holy the task and how noble the endeavour in which we are engaged. "Nourish thy children, O thou good nurse, and stablish their feet," says the writer of II. Esdras. And this is our great charge, to nourish the children who come unto us with that love of the things that are pure and good and true which is the soul's gladness and life.

Keeping in view the fact, then, that the Sunday School has before it the distinctly religious function of ministering to the moral and spiritual needs of our children, I say that the teacher's inspiration is primarily from within, the inspiration that is born of his own faith and fellowship with God. We sometimes feel that we are unworthy to fill our positions as teachers: that we are not sufficiently educated, cultured, trained for our work. But I would remind you that the greatest religious teacher the world has ever seen was at once the greatest and simplest. Jesus was not a learned doctor, a ripe scholar, a clever scientist. His knowledge as compared with that, let us say of Macaulay's schoolboy, was absurdly inadequate and small. But yet he was master of the highest culture—the culture of the soul; he was great in an educational sense also—but it was in the education of the passions, the feelings, the desires. And I put it to you that we, as teachers of religion, must derive our influence and our power from the source whence Jesus derived his inspiration; the inspiration by which the common fishermen of Galilee became "fishers of men." We must be rich toward God, and must in every way that we can cultivate and develop our religious nature. I say that it is a charge laid upon Sunday School teachers that they devote themselves in so far as they are able to the culture of their own character and soul in the sight of God. If a minister of religion must regard his office as sacred: if he must strive to do "nothing common or mean" upon the scene of this earthly life: if he must have fellowship only with the holy and the pure, it is none the less a demand made upon the Sunday School teacher that he should do likewise in his measure and according to his opportunities. Before we can be truly prepared to influence our fellow-men, and above all before we can be truly prepared to influence the pliant and plastic characters of little children, we need to be close to the love of God, and to feel the consecration of His spirit within us. And does it not entirely do away with the self-centering or self-saving tendency of this inner discipline, if it is carried on with a view to making ourselves worthy ministers of the faith, instruments, however inadequate, through which something of the divine holiness, beauty, and love may speak. Let us not fear to devote ourselves to the culture of our God-consciousness, for in the proportion that we realise it and possess it shall we be veritable saviours to the young people who are in our charge.

There is, moreover, a more direct word which at this point may be said with regard to our special inspiration as members of free and undogmatic churches. Are not our opportunities, just at this time of religious enquiry and unsettlement, wider and higher and more pregnant than in the case of the majority of our fellow-Christians? Do not our eyes look upon truth? Are we not free from the harassing compromises, evasions, and pitiful subterfuges by which our brothers of the various orthodox churches are compelled to make terms with facts, the facts of science, of history, of criticism, and so forth? There is no excuse

in the case of any one of us if our faith is second-hand and unreal. We are individually responsible for the condition of soul in which we are living; for there is no barrier to the freest and fullest communion with God on our part, and from such communion has ever proceeded the best of human endeavour, whether in prophecy, in song, or in achievement. But certainly we may, and we must each one speak of that which we do know, of "that which was from the beginning, that which we have heard, that which we have seen with our eyes, and our hands handled concerning the Word of Life." And in teaching this personal revelation to the children we are not preparing in their dawning spirit and intelligence convictions, ideas, and beliefs which will be stumbling blocks to them later on. We are, on the contrary, equipping them, as they ought to be equipped, with quickened insight and perception by which they may enter into their true heritage of life, not only on the material, but also on the religious and spiritual side. What fields of thought there are for us white unto the harvest! What an educational and inspirational book is the Bible for those who can freely admit its errors, its difficulties, its immaturities—moral and spiritual, and who can yet trace within its pages the evolution of the soul of a people, and dwell upon the heights reached by prophet, psalmist, and evangelist! What an unparalleled opportunity for those who are masters or learners in science to show the marvels of God's wonderland the world, to teach the lesson of the stars and seas, of the forest and the pasture, of life organic and inorganic, leading up to the culminating word of creation in the appearance of man! Or how vast a company of the world's greatest and best in Poetry, in Art, in Music, or what you will, are waiting to attend those who would lead the children to look upon life as the men of soul have looked upon it. These are but terse suggestions to indicate the width and grandeur of the prospect open to us. Surely there is no lack of inspiration within us or without, while we are sure of God, and free in mind and heart and spirit to learn of Him.

I come now to the chief and last source of the teacher's inspiration, and this I find in the child itself. I am fully aware that all children are not angels. I have no doubt but that this very afternoon there are those present whose patience and good-nature have been sorely tried by the restlessness, mischievousness, or thoughtlessness of their scholars. There is no end to the things that might be said about the behaviour of boys—and girls!—whose outward appearance may be more or less angelic. But, after all, of the children I hope we may say, as Cowper said of England, that with all their faults we love them still. And I would appeal to you, however harassed, tried, and despairing you may be, as a teacher to see the child in its essential nature as an awakening soul, a "nursling of immortality." "Painters have painted their swarming groups," writes Walt Whitman, "and the centre figure of all, From the head of the centre-figure spreading a nimbus of gold-color'd light, But I paint myriads of heads, but paint no head without its nimbus of gold-colour'd light." It is even so that we should behold every child with which we have to deal, as the great Italian masters beheld the child Jesus, with his "nimbus of gold-colour'd light." as every good mother has at some time beheld her child. The old trite proverb is still as true as on the day it was first uttered: "The child is father to the man," and, we may add, mother to the woman. Let us remember, then, that into our power it is given to nurture and to cherish that part of the child's being which is dowered with everlastingness. Religion, where it is present, is the paramount influence in life, and as teachers it is our most responsible task to draw forth and develop those religious instincts and impulses that are dimly stirring in the nature of the child. And if we consider how brief the time at our disposal is from week to week; that we have but one hour at the most, morning or afternoon, out of one day to devote to our teaching; that frequently the other six days are vacant of any direct religious influences, shall we not meet our classes with a new earnestness, a sterner determination, a more consecrated good will? The hour we spend with the children is a golden opportunity for conveying to them impressions and suggestions that shall be life-long, the full significance of which may be dark to them at the time, but which will come home to them as they ripen into maturity. Our parish, our town, our country, stands in need of men and women liberal in mind, pure in life, and fervent in faith. In our Sunday Schools we have the material to our hands for the building up of such citizens of God in the world of men. They are schools of character, of righteousness, of neighbourliness, brotherhood, and humanity.

You remember the story of the schoolmaster who took off his hat to the boys as they entered his school, for was not each one of them potentially a mayor, a councillor, or a magistrate? And have we not far more cause to regard the children who come unto us with reverence, since they are one and all potentially children of the living God? In them we may see good men and women, truth-speakers and truth-seekers, those who shall succour the needy, care for the sick and the dying, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and in every way fulfil the law of Christ. May we not also see in them the goodly kernel of our little Israel, through whom the leaven of our faith shall work upon the coming generations? Surely considerations such as these will show us how boundless our influence for good may be, and we shall be inspired to press on with our work, and to gather as many as we possibly can into our schools that we may sow the seeds of our gospel of life in young, receptive minds and hearts. May I close with a beautiful passage from Ruskin, which in a most happy way illustrates and enforces the thoughts I have just expressed? "You have heard it said . . that flowers only flourish rightly in the garden of some one who loves them. I know you would like that to be true; you would think it pleasant magic if you could flush your flowers into brighter bloom by a kind look upon them: nay, more, if your look had the power, not only to cheer, but to guard;—if you could bid the black blight turn away and the knotted caterpillar spare—if you could bid the dew fall upon them in the drought, and say to the south wind, in frost, 'Come, thou south, and breathe upon my garden, that the spices of it may flow out.' This you would think a great thing. And do you think it not a greater thing than all this (and how much more than this!) you *can* do for fairer flowers than these—flowers that could bless you for having blessed them, and will love you for having loved them; flowers that have thoughts like yours, and lives like yours; and which, once saved, you save for ever? Is this only a little power? Will you never set these human flowers in order, nor fence them in their trembling from the fierce wind? Shall morning follow morning for you, but not for them; shall no dawn arise to breathe upon these living banks of wild violet, and woodbine, and rose . . . Will you not go down among those sweet, living things, whose new courage sprung from the earth with the deep colour of heaven upon it, is starting up in strength of goodly spire; and whose purity, washed from the dust, is opening bud by bud into the flower of promise;—and still they turn to you and for you, 'The Larkspur listens—I hear, I hear! And the Lily whispers—I wait.'"

The teacher's inspiration: *Faith* that transfigures his own inner life with beauty. *Truth* in the love of beliefs which bring God near. And last, but not least, *Reverence* for the children, whose angels do always behold the face of the Father which is in heaven.

NEANDER ANDERTON.

The Form of Public Worship.

(Continued.)

But few words can be given to the music. If the musical officers of the congregation are devout, and mindful of their high calling, they can be of much help; if not, they are sure to do great harm. An anthem which is a mere performance is a mischievous interruption: but an anthem may be the fine and full expression, in which the whole congregation joins in spirit, of prayer and praise in which all share. So also the organist may be a fellow-minister, commanding a voice of vastly greater range and subtlety for all emotional utterance than that of his colleague. But from the organist who is "a musician first and last;" from one who deafens you with his introit; from one whose chief concern is to exhibit his outfit of stops; from one who drills his choir to sing hymns with unforeseen accelerandos and rallentandos; from one who *will* insert a florid accompaniment to every simple tune, or play the tenor by itself on a louder manual, or do anything rather than sink himself for a moment in the need of the congregation; from one who sends you out of church to a jolly march-tune (expressive, perhaps, of your gratitude for having escaped him at last) may we in mercy be delivered!

A custom has grown up in the last few years of singing what is called a Vesper Verse at the close of Evening Service. So long as this verse was softly breathed by the choir, like a prolongation of their Amen to the Benediction, it was inoffensive and had an obvious practical use. But when it is sung like a hymn-verse,

and joined in by the congregation, it loses all propriety. It is an intrusion of sound, and often of lower sentiment, upon a moment when silence, as the shrine of deep and pure feeling, is best in place. That momentary hush, gathering the effect of the whole service, has been used to good purpose by many worshippers, and has had its influence on the whole following week. It is a pity to sacrifice it to a mere fashion, or to what is at best a prettiness.

We come last to the most important matter of all in a liturgical service, the wording of the prayers. No modern compiler can afford to neglect the grand store of noble thought and worthy phrase which is to be found in the old English Prayer-books, that of 1662 among the number. There is need, however, continually of new work to enshrine the new thought and later phases of piety, and it is hardly possible to bestow too great care and toil upon this task. Even the recension of old prayers for modern use deserves a more solicitous and loving labour than it sometimes receives.

We have already said that the language of the liturgical prayer must be simple, strong, beautiful and clear. The need for clearness will sometimes force us in an old prayer to displace a word which is, to those who know the old language, the one precisely right word, but is no longer understanded of the people. Our self-love and our own delight in precision rebel; we cannot find any perfect substitute, or satisfy ourself with a new turn of speech; but let us not be tempted to secure our own content by perplexing our fellows. "Wealth," "prevent," "affections," "worthily," "comfort," "passion," and the like ought not to be used in a modern liturgy in their obsolete sense.

Simplicity is to be sought both for the sake of clearness and for its own sake. Literary gymnastics in a prayer are hateful. Simplicity and clearness are not hostile but friendly to strength and beauty.

In order that strength and beauty may be in His sanctuary we shall seek, in the words which commune with Him, fulness, dignity, euphony and precision. These virtues, again, are all friendly one to another.

Force lies in fulness and precision. By fulness we mean the opposite of diffuseness. Vain repetition may be forgiven in an extempore prayer, but in a liturgy it is a grave fault. There cannot be too much meaning in words which are to be the food of constant meditation. If ideas are thinly spread the mind soon tires of its baffled attention, and the spiritual emotions are numbed by a sense of tedium. Take any old collect at random, and see how pithy it is. "O God, who by the leading of a star didst manifest thy only-begotten Son to the Gentiles; mercifully grant, that we, which know Thee now by faith, may after this life have the fruition of Thy glorious Godhead." This comes from the Sacramentary of Gregory, and is the translation of 1549. Could any thirty-eight words of prose have more meaning?

Search for the one word which is most apt. It never yields itself save to sincere feeling, sometimes only to long pains, sometimes to nothing but genius. What happy inspiration was that which prompted the Edwardian translator of a collect from Gelasius: "Lord of all power and might, Who art the author and giver of all good things, graft in our hearts the love of Thy name . . ."—What if he had written "implant," or transliterated "insert"? The sword would have lost its edge.

Language which is simple, clear, full and apt is little likely to lack dignity. The vulgar and the ludicrous will not easily break through those guards. Moreover, one sure way to miss dignity is to seek it too anxiously. Majesty of speech, like majesty of carriage, is maintained by a happy instinct, which shrinks spontaneously from what is unfitting, rather than by conscious care. Yet it will not be amiss to hold steadily in mind that every offence of language is, in a prayer, a much graver fault than in any other kind of utterance. Nothing can be nobly expressed that is not nobly thought, but noble thought may be betrayed and injured in the telling.

The more elementary rules of euphony are usually observed in liturgical writing, but sometimes we find a bad transgression. In one well-known book, the basis of others, appear these words: "With humble and penitent hearts, we lament before Thee, O heavenly Father, every instance of disobedience,—all that we have done amiss in thought or word or deed." Of what gain in this passage is the phrase

"every instance of disobedience"? It would need a plea of necessity to condone this sibilant, prosy, unrhythmical patch; whereas in fact the thought is not mended at all by its insertion. A beautiful prayer in the third of the Ten Services is spoilt by a similar lapse, "Work in us a fulness of holiness." When recited with that emphatic *ness* which some ministers affect, what unprayerful workings of soul may it not have wrought, even in the gracious!

The commonest sin against euphony in modern liturgies is one from which the Book of Common Prayer is free—that is to say defective rhythm. A full exposition of this matter would require a somewhat severe research into subtle and elusive laws, and examples would not serve this purpose unless the context were copiously quoted. Let it be enough to say that the laws of rhythmical prose very closely resemble the laws of our most ancient verse. Many of the collects of 1549 can be arranged in a perfect scheme of old English double-lines; and this is the more significant when we remember that the rules of the old makers were, at that time, absolutely unknown. The translators were guided by nothing but their own instinctive sense of rhythm, which was nourished, no doubt, by the traditional habit of the language.

Only one or two flagrant faults may, by way of caution, be indicated. No prayer should end with a long pendant clause; nor with a short but emphatic monosyllable; nor with a strong suggestion of metre, least of all a metre with frivolous associations. In an amended version of the Prayer for Parliament, in one modern liturgy, we find this tag: "And as within our borders, so over all the earth, let Thy Kingdom of Righteousness come." Here the second and third of the rules just now given are violated, and a majestic march of devotional English is made to break step, and jigs out to the lilt of dickery-dickery dock. An example of the breach of rules one and two occurs in the Sixth Service: "Through the angel of mercy that strengthened Thy Son to drink the bitter cup." The long adverbial clause, tacked on like an after-thought, offends the mind, while the ear is left hungry for vowels.

There is one very grievous transgression to which, alas, Dr. Martineau was especially prone. It is to tease us, in the middle of a prose prayer, by a sudden lapse into blank verse. His ear might have been warned against it by a passage in the Fourth Service:

> "For all the benefits we have received;
> For all the little good we may have done;"

but he failed to take heed, and the Ninth and Tenth Services, his peculiar work, are much defaced by this blemish. The very first words set the tune, and so decidedly that cases where it might have lurked unperceived amid other melodies are revealed to our awakened ear.

> "O God, Who art, and wast, and art to come,
> Before whose face the generations rise
> And pass away; age after age the living
> Seek Thee, and find that of Thy faithfulness
> There is no end."

This beat, more or less marcato, pervades the whole service.

> "Be Thou the cloud by day, the fire by night.
> Where but in Thee have we a covert from
> The storm or shadow from the heat of life?"

A Shakesperian passage follows:

> "In our prosperity and ease, it is
> Thy spirit only that
> Can wean us from our pride and keep us low.
> O Thou sole source of peace and righteousness;
> Take now the veil from every heart: and join . . ."

And the prayer closes:

> ". . . Were not ashamed. Not of our worthiness,
> But of Thy tender mercy, hear our prayer."

So again:

> "In every trouble, trace some lights of Thine."

And again:

> "And more and more increase the pure in heart
> Who see their God. Commit Thy word, O Lord . . ."

The Tenth Service is haunted by the same incubus. Here are some of the more conspicuous cases:

> ". . . Above unrighteous anger and mistrust.
> In all things, draw us to the mind of Christ,
> That Thy lost image may be traced again,
> And Thou mayst own us as at one with Him
> And Thee. *Amen.*"
>
> "The shadows of our evening hasten on."
>
> "Anew we dedicate ourselves to Thee."
>
> "Nearer and nearer may Thy kingdom come
> From age to age."
>
> ". . . Depart in peace. Already let its light
> Abash our guilty negligence, and touch
> With hope each secret sorrow of the earth."
>
> "There is no light but Thine, without, within."

Let it be conceded that Martineau was

Martineau. Had he given us fifty such orders instead of two, we should be all the richer and happier. Yet it remains true that his devotional work is excellent not by dint of its defects, but despite them. And any worker who, being a humble man of heart, does not account himself a James Martineau, will do well to avoid the weaknesses, as he will do well to covet earnestly the graces of Martineau's style.

One word more. It is easy to be captious, and even a just criticism is much easier than a true performance. The use of ordinances and liturgies in public worship is not to provide material for comment, but to help us to commune together on our highest level, and together to commune with God. Still no effort can be wasted which succeeds in deepening the general consciousness of the supreme importance of that end, and of our duty to provide the best means to attain it.

E. W. LUMMIS.

Notes and Jottings.

The agitation in the country over the Chinese Labour question in the Transvaal still continues. There has been a determined attempt in a certain section of the Press to discredit its moral sincerity. We are told that it is only a move in the party game. The growing disposition to treat grave moral protests in this way is robbing our public life of its seriousness, and constitutes a real menace to the authority of conscience in national affairs. A recent cartoon in *Punch* which represents Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman climbing to power with the help of a Chinese pig-tail is a rather sinister indication of this tendency to banish all belief in the words "for righteousness sake" from modern politics.

We notice that our contemporary, *The Inquirer*, has been getting into trouble with some of its readers over this question. The complaint is that it is merely a matter of party politics, with which a religious newspaper has no concern. We can never understand why *The Inquirer* is to refrain from saying anything on public questions with which some of its readers may happen to disagree. The dulness and inanity which would result from such a policy would be simply unbearable. Is it our smallness which exaggerates the importance of every individual, and sometimes makes us ridiculous with such portentous gravity? We are glad that the editor is sitting firm in the saddle and is not afraid of the fences.

A fresh move has been taken in the anti-clerical campaign in France by an order for the removal of all religious symbols from the Courts of Justice. No plea of public safety can be put forward, as in the case of the law against the religious congregations, and it is difficult to see in it anything but iconoclastic zeal. M. Combes and his party are allowing themselves to become the victims of a kind of anti-religious fanaticism. Apart from all questions of sentiment and good taste, there is here a source of grave social danger. With the French temperament it is almost certain to result in violent reaction. The Catholic Church, which is accustomed to take long views, should regard these proceedings with equanimity. Nothing is so likely as fanatical hatred to help it back to power.

There has been an interesting discussion in the columns of *The Christian World* on the efficiency of the Colleges for the training of ministers. It was started by a paper which was, perhaps, purposely a little extravagant in tone. The line of complaint is the one with which we have been familiar for a long time. The Colleges, it is said, produce scholars, and they do not train preachers and pastors. The churches, on the other hand, want preachers and pastors, and care very little about scholars. Possibly there is some truth in the complaint, and we are no sticklers for old methods if anything better and more effective can be suggested. Undoubtedly the course of study must be modified from time to time as in other places of learning, and the future calling of the students as preachers of the Gospel should never be lost sight of. But one thing must be steadily resisted, namely, any lowering of the intellectual standard and the demand for severe mental discipline. We fear that the complaints arise sometimes from a mixture of intellectual indolence and a belief that religion has only to be practical in order to succeed.

In this connection some striking words by Archbishop Temple to some Birmingham work-

ing men, quoted in the April *Commonwealth*, may not be out of place. "No doubt a man's religious experience is valuable," he said, "and will help him to teach for a certain time: but as he grows older he will find that his religious experience is very limited, and does not cover the whole message of God. I have known men who have begun by being very effective preachers; but they have neglected study, and have ended by being failures, because they have exhausted their knowledge and their experience. As an old schoolmaster, I know that what is wanted in a teacher is accuracy and fulness of knowledge, and, above all, freshness of knowledge. No man can go on long teaching with any good result who has ceased to be a student; and you do not want men in the Church who have poured out all that is in them and have nothing to say that is not quite stale to their hearers and themselves."

The question of ministerial efficiency is, after all, quite as much the responsibility of the churches as of the Colleges. It is for the church to help to select and train the best men, and to take an earnest, practical interest in the future ministry. At present this is hardly realised at all. There is too much readiness to believe that any student sent to College should be turned out after a few years a strong and interesting minister, and if this does not happen, then the College and its methods must bear the blame of the failure. When all has been said and done, there is so much that can only be taught by experience, and the man who has his heart in the work will be learning by experience to the end of his life.

The death of Miss Cobbe removes one who has been a fighter through a long life in many battles for truth and righteousness. Of late years her religious books have passed a little out of notice, but in their day they brought intellectual and spiritual help to many who were battling with doubt. They belong to a type of Theism which is largely influenced by Christianity without any profession of definite Christian allegiance. The absence of these personal emotions, and the strong individualism of spirit which made her independent of the ordinary forms of corporate religious life, narrowed undoubtedly the sphere of her influence. Like Francis Newman, she was chiefly a teacher of the lonely.

Scripture Lessons.

In 1880 the Rev. Charles Beard, B.A., compiled a lectionary which he used throughout that year in the services at Renshaw Street Chapel, Liverpool. He printed it month by month in his Chapel Card; very few sets of this seem to have been preserved, and for a copy we are indebted to the Editor of "Antiquarian Notes," who heard most of the lessons read by Mr. Beard, and who has transcribed them for us from his complete set of all the "Cards" issued by Mr. Beard from 1877 to 1887.

JANUARY.

Morning.	*Evening.*
Eccl. xi., xii. [om. 8—12].	Proverbs iv.
Luke ii. 39—52.	Luke xii. 13—40.
I. Kings iii. 5—15	Genesis i., ii. 1—3.
Matt. iii., iv. 1—11.	John i 1—18.
Isaiah lxi.	Genesis iii.
Luke iv. 14—32.	Romans vii.
I. Kings xix. 1—18.	Genesis xxi. 9—21.
Mark ix. 2—32.	II. Cor iv.

FEBRUARY.

Proverbs xxxi. 10—31.	Gen. xxviii 10—xxix. 20.
Luke x. 25 - 42.	John iv 1—26.
Proverbs iii.	Gen. xliv. 18—xlv. 15.
Mark x. 13—31.	Ephes. iv.
II. Kings iv. 8—37.	Job. i, ii.
Mark x. 32—52.	James v. 7—11.
Isaiah lii.	Job iv., v.
Luke xix. 1—11, 28—48.	Luke xiii. 1—5.
Isaiah v. 1—7.	Job xxv., xxvi
Mark xii, 1—34.	Luke xii. 13—31.

MARCH.

Lament. iii. 1—26.	Job xxix.
Mark xiv 1—42.	Luke xvi. 19—31.
Ecclesiasticus xii	Job xxxiii.
Matt xxvi. 47—xxvii. 8.	Romans viii.
Isaiah liii.	Job xxxviii.
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I. Sam. xxvi.	II. Sam. xi. 14—xii. 7.
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Isaiah lviii.	II. Sam. xiv. 1—24.
Matt. vi. 1—23.	John xvi.
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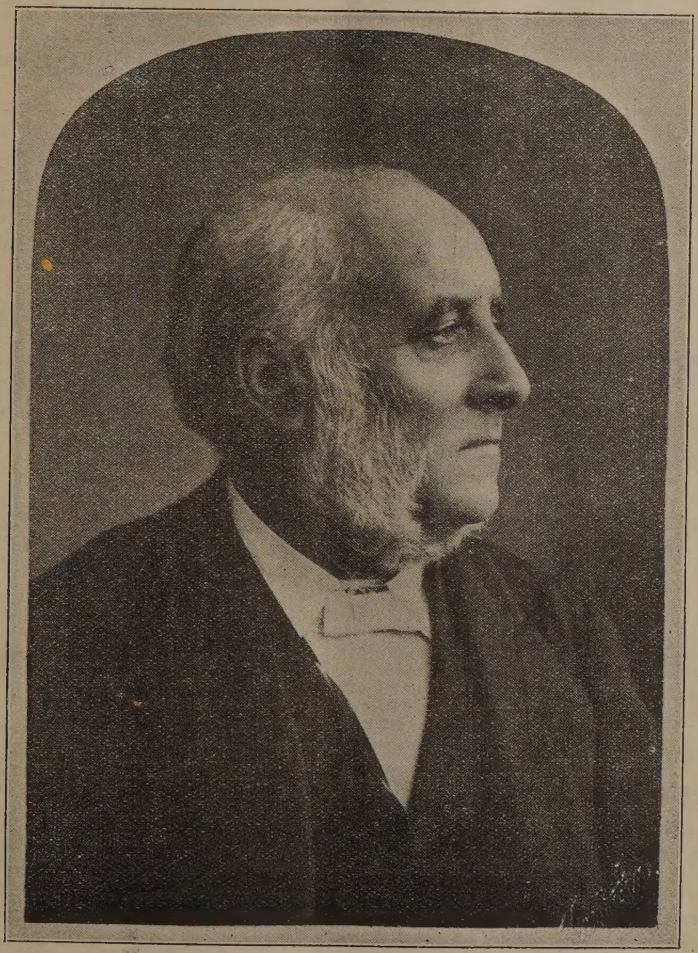
Matt. vii.	John xvii.

MAY.

Isaiah lv.	Daniel vi.
Matt. vi. 19—34.	Luke xi. 1—13.



CHARLES BEARD.

1827—1888.

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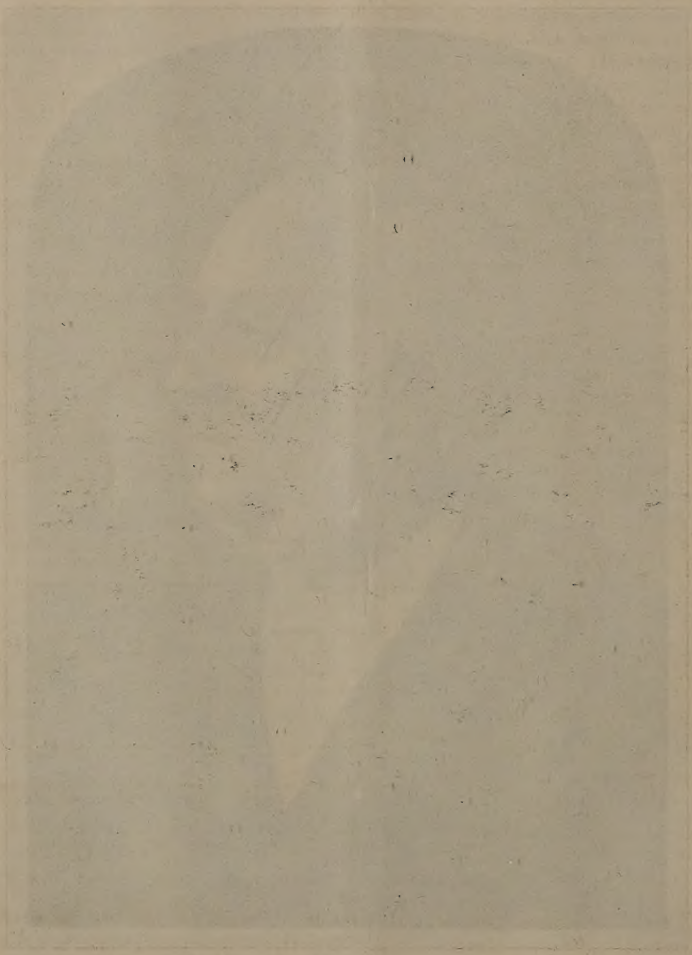

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Written in a Lady's Album

(A M.R.).

Don't weigh kind words, don't count their cost,
Soothe aching hearts, dry bitter tears;
When on the waves of fate you're tossed,
Remember others' hopes and fears.

Love, win love, then have no fear;
When you've made your voyage around it,
You will leave your own small sphere
A little better than you found it.

Much reform work fails because it is like ploughing in the spring, which, nothing following, only makes the weeds grow with more vigour and in greater variety.

A creed that a person learns and recites as a task, whether in the home or the Sunday School, may have no more relation to character than a list of the kings of England or the popes of Rome.

The Seed Sower.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
FOR THE HOME, THE SCHOOL, AND THE CHURCH.

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BIRMINGHAM.

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Guild News.

The third annual meeting of the Guilds' Union was held at Kidderminster on Tuesday, April 15th. There was a good attendance of delegates from Birmingham, Leicester, Highgate, Essex Church, Mansford Street, Handforth, Warrington, West Bromwich, Lye, Cradley, Sheffield, etc. At the business meeting held in the afternoon the Secretary's and Treasurer's reports were presented and adopted. The reports showed 30 Guilds in affiliation with the Union and an income of £26 10s. 3d. The Treasurer, Mr. Greg, appealed for more subscriptions, and said, although there was a balance in hand, it would be insufficient to the necessary amount for the prize scheme. Regret was expressed that so few had taken part in the essay competition, only 15 essays having been sent in,—nine on Priestley, four on Channing, and two on the Life of Christ. These essays are now in the hands of the examiners, and the results will be given next month. A letter was received from Rev. J. Ellis, announcing his resignation of the office of Secretary. The resignation was accepted with great regret, and the Council were instructed to draw up a resolution expressing the gratitude of the Union to Mr. Ellis for his most valuable services, their high appreciation of his devotion to the Guild cause, and their sympathy with him in his great work at Mansford, together with their good wishes for his recovery to health and strength. A resolution of sympathy was also ordered to be sent to the Rev. F. K. Freeston on the death of his father, the Rev. J. Freeston. The Rev. Gordon Cooper, B.A., of Essex Church Guild, London, was subsequently appointed Secretary. At the urgent request of the Council, the retiring President (Rev. J. Wood) consented to hold office for another year, as it was felt undesirable that there should be a change of both President and Secretary in the same year. Mr. Greg kindly consented to continue in office as Treasurer. The following ladies and gentlemen were elected to serve on the Council: — Miss Gittins (Leicester), Miss Tremain (Highgate), Mr. W. Cheshire (Birmingham), and the Revs. F. K. Freeston, H. Gow, E. W. Lummis, E. D. P. Evans, and J. J. Wright, leaving four places to be filled by the Council. The Rev. C. Hargrove, M.A., was elected Vice-President.

In the course of his address the President said it was his first duty to offer a word of cordial welcome to the delegates from far and near who were representing their various Unions that afternoon at Kidderminster. The Council rejoiced to see some from a distance as well as some from the near neighbourhood, and they trusted all would return from that meeting with quickened interest in the work of the Guild, and with the feeling that their visit to Kidderminster had not been in vain. And on behalf of the delegates he had to express their pleasure at meeting in Kidderminster, which was in a way the cradle of the Guild movement—where the Guild first came forth, and where it had had a most vigorous and successful career. He might almost say that the Kidderminster Guild was not only first in point of time, but in vigour and usefulness. The Guild in the old carpet borough seemed to possess some of the spirit of the great man who made Kidderminster famous—the spirit of the saintly Richard Baxter, a man to whom the churches in particular owed a very great deal, and who laid it down that that "was the best religious doctrine which made the best men." They had met that day under certain little discouragements. They had not grown to the extent they hoped; they were, in fact, a little weaker this year than last, having only 30 instead of 34 Guilds affiliated with the Union. There seemed to be in some quarters a little want of interest and enthusiasm in the Guild work and in the Union itself; at any rate, the interest and the enthusiasm were not at white heat. There was a certain pessimistic note, which he had heard with regret, sounded within the last three or four weeks, and which he hoped they would try to dissipate. By nature and temperament he might be called an optimist, although not so bold as the American layman who in the year 1830 ventured to prophesy that by the year 1900 the whole Christian Church would have become Unitarian—(laughter)—which showed how unsafe it was for an optimist to take up the role of prophet. But the optimist was pretty sure to be right in the long run, continued Mr. Wood, amid laughter; only he should not take account of time. He would also take upon himself the role of a prophet, and would venture to say that sooner or later all churches of the Unitarian communion would have their Guilds, but he would not fix the date when that condition of things would exist. He trusted that in the coming year they might see a considerable accession to the number of Guilds in the Union. There was no room for discouragement in this matter; the present was the day of small things with the Guild movement, but if it was rooted in affection, principle, good works, and seriousness, the end could not be doubted. Mr. Wood said he could not help trying, while in an oak-panelled room in Harvard University, to imagine what took place there 60 years ago, when a little crowd of people, 35 in number, met on a Sunday evening to listen to an address from Emerson—the famous divinity school address which had revolutionised the thought and the outlook of their churches both in England and America, and which was received by the students and their professors in silence, and at the time created no stir at all. And as he stood there he could not help thinking of a large number of movements which, beginning in obscure places and small ways, had gone on and worked wonders for the world. They might take encouragement he thought from that little incident in the life of Emerson and his great lifework—(hear, hear). Although he (Mr. Wood) was an optimist, he wanted to do a little scolding—(laughter)—which he hoped they would all take in good part, and remain good friends with him. There were two

or three words connected with the movement which, it seemed to him, they did not quite understand or give sufficient emphasis to; they did not understand their scope and fulness, or put them sufficiently into practice. These words were "Together," "Loyalty," "Service." They met together for mutual help and sympathy—each for all and all for each, and they wanted to promote in their churches a clear sense of the advantages of coming together for common purposes. They had preached individualism with such emphasis and for so many years that at last they had got to stand apart from one another and to think that coming together would somewhat infringe upon their highly-beloved idea of individuality, and there were some Guilds which had not yet come into fellowship with the Union for that reason, not feeling sufficiently that they were bound together in a great and sacred fellowship for the best ends. They needed to emphasise the word "together"—the notion of comradeship and fellowship, and there must also be the duty of loyalty to their Guilds and to the churches with which their Guilds were connected. He did not say that any of them were ashamed to fly their flag, but sometimes they were a little lacking, he thought, in that sense of loyalty which did so much for the strengthening of any cause to which they might belong. Their churches were in a great minority, and it was a simple and easy thing to belong to other and larger churches, but the fact that they were a small church was an additional reason for loyalty. They should be loyal to their own churches, because of the grand work they had done in the past—not in the way of multiplying themselves, but in the way of broadening the ideas of all churches; and they should be loyal to them for the work that still lay before them, for victory had not yet been achieved by a long way. Members of the Guild should remember the word "service," and the obligation resting upon them, as inheritors of the great work and best traditions of the past, to continue that work and improve upon it, and make it more prosperous if possible. Their particular work lay at the door of each, close at hand, if only they would see and do it, and co-operation, loyalty, and service should be the watchwords to be kept clearly before their eyes, in which case they would secure happiness for themselves and success for their Guilds. There was, he believed, a great future for the Guild movement, for wherever it had been taken up with earnestness and worked with vigour, as at Kidderminster and Leicester, there had been an accession of strength to the churches, and in one or two cases even the church itself had been saved by the formation of a Guild. They talked about how they were losing their young people, and in all churches there was a certain percentage of loss going on; but they need not lose so many of them if they were wise enough to provide for them in their own way and give them work to do, as was done in the Guilds. It was the bringing together of the young people of their congregations into fellowship with one another and with the church to which they belonged which would do so much for the churches in the years that were to come.

Three papers on "Consecration" were then read by Miss Tremain, Mr. Greg, and the Rev. E. A. Voysey. We hope to give some account of these admirable papers in our next issue.

At the close of the afternoon conference the delegates were entertained at tea, and a hearty vote of thanks was given to our Kidderminster friends for their hospitality.

At seven o'clock a well-attended devotional service, conducted by Mr Cheshire, was held in the church, and two very inspiring addresses were given by the Revs. J. Worsley Austin and E. W. Lummis.

The Duty of the Churches to Outsiders.*

By the Church is meant the considerable body of people who associate together, under various names, for the conduct of public worship and for the maintenance of religion in some shape or form. The outsiders are those who, for various reasons, take no interest in association for religious objects, and who form the majority of the population. If we may judge by the census of attendance at places of worship recently carried out by *The Daily News*, this class includes three out of every four of the total population. The question which we have to consider is the relationship between these two differing classes, and the responsibility which attaches to the former in its character of teacher, of the duty and necessity of maintaining religious life amongst the people. Reading this paper, as I do, on the premises of a church established for the express purpose of stimulating religious sensibility amongst its members, it is not necessary that I should offer an elaborate defence of the Church's mission, but I may at once proceed to the main question, which is as follows:—Given the fact that three out of every four do not attend the services of the Church or take any active part in her ministrations, what duty does she still owe to them? Does her responsibility cease with the fact of their non-attendance? or is it her bounden duty, in view of her missionary character and the evangel which she professes to proclaim, to make efforts on behalf of those who are outside her fold and who have so far shown no disposition to accept the help she offers them? I think we all feel that if we really believe that we have within us a great principle of life which makes for our joy and for our uplifting, we ought to use our most earnest endeavours to communicate this life-giving power to as many others as possible who may be within the reach of our influence.

Now the first question that arises in attempting to solve this problemn is this:—"Who are these outsiders? do they belong chiefly to one class in the community, or are they to be found in all classes?" I think we recognise

* A Paper read before the Essex Church Guild, Feb. 10, 1904.

at once that the outsiders belong to *every* class of society from the highest to the lowest. And perhaps one of the saddest features of our time is the extent to which religion, on its imaginative and most helpful side, is tending to disappear from the lives of educated men. This process is going on under the stress of several strong forces which are at work. There is, firstly, the rapid growth of scientific discovery and material progress during the nineteenth century. Rightly or wrongly, science is undoubtedly responsible for a large amount of real and sincere scepticism amongst the reading and thinking portion of the population. If you move amongst young men at all you will find that they are canvassing and challenging not only the older forms of Calvinism, but even such fundamentals of religion as belief in God and in immortality. I am repeatedly conversing with young men who contend that the belief in the reality of prayer is nothing but a sheer delusion. And for the same reason, thinkers of this order of mind have no power of appreciating the large and important class of poetry which deals with the deepest religious feelings Men who do not understand prayer nearly always fail to see beauty in such poems as the Proem to "In Memoriam," or the same poet's verses on "The Higher Pantheism," while a large part of Robert Browning is to them a sealed book. How *can* one thoroughly love "Rabbi ben Ezra," and "Abt Vogler," and "Prospice," and a whole crowd of similar poems, unless they feel within themselves some confirmation of the truths which are there so inimitably expressed? The problem of this kind of outsider seems to me to present very great difficulty, even if it be not absolutely insoluble. One remedy for scepticism amongst young men is probably to induce them to do actual practical work amongst the poor; but if their unbelief is of an aggressive character it is apt to exert an unwholesome influence upon those whom they seek to help. Any mere gospel of negation, which excludes the friendship of God and the hope of a better world than the present, will scarcely bring either inspiration or comfort to those who are compelled to pass their lives amid conditions which are dull, dingy and depressing. It is no slight service if the churches continue to hold aloft the standard of Divine Love and the Reality of the Unseen, whilst they wait patiently for the reaction against Materialism which must inevitably take place.

But there is a further cause of the alarming prevalence of Materialism at the present time, and that is to be found in the ideals which are held up for admiration and endeavour. Both in individual life and in politics men are taught that the increase of material possessions is the one thing needful, beside which all else is mere sentiment. Young men are taught by precept and example that their great object must be to increase their incomes, and to make that the first business of their thinking and of their striving. The saying of Jesus that "A man's *life* consisteth *not* in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," and that still more solemn saying, when he asks "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose himself?"—these are contemptuously brushed out of the way as if they were old-world traditions, which had no real relation to the twentieth century. The distinctively Christian virtues of gentleness, humility, poverty of spirit, are too frequently thrust out of doors along with the twin sisters of poetry and religion. As Wordsworth sang in 1802:

> "No grandeur now in nature or in book delights us,
> The wealthiest man among us is the best."

And the same tendency is even more apparent in politics. Under the high-sounding names of Patriotism and Imperialism there is gradually being wrought an utter degradation of national ideals. The extent to which this process has gone may perhaps be determined by a frequent reference to those organs of the daily newspaper press which are most in demand. There is no need to labour this point. Anyone of moral sensibility can scent it, so to speak, in the common atmosphere of social life. He has only to observe the kind of absolute drivel which is being greedily assimilated in the railway-train and the restaurant. Nay, he need but notice the placards which advertise the organs to which reference has been made, in order to be fully convinced that the public sentiment, which here finds reflection, is not of the highest type.

Now if these things are true, and I do not think that they can be gainsaid, it appears to me that it becomes one of the primary duties of the Church to enter the domain of both individual and national life with higher ideals and a burning enthusiasm for their re-establishment amongst the masses of population. She has to preach to the young a nobler gospel than the mere gospel of getting on. It is not by lowering her ideals, and whittling away her claims for individual sacrifice and devotion, that she will re-assert her power over the minds and consciences of men. She must enter into the lives of men at those points where their vital interests lie, and she must impart a religious spirit and sanction to common pursuits and to daily drudgery.

I can imagine that some have come here with the thought in their minds that our subject would mainly turn on the question: Why do not working-men attend the churches and chapels? I have no wish to burke this question, but I think that something has already been said which has a large bearing upon it. Does it not appear to you that in many cases the working classes do not trouble about religion because they think that its professional teachers have no sympathy with them in their daily struggle and drudgery? In thousands of the pulpits of this country religion has been divorced from daily life, and especially from the ideal of a better and more equitable distribution of those good gifts of God which must be intended for the enrichment of all. If Art, Music, Poetry, Literature are good for the man of wealth and leisure, they must be good for the man who has a stunted life of toil and privation.

C. T. FOLKERD.

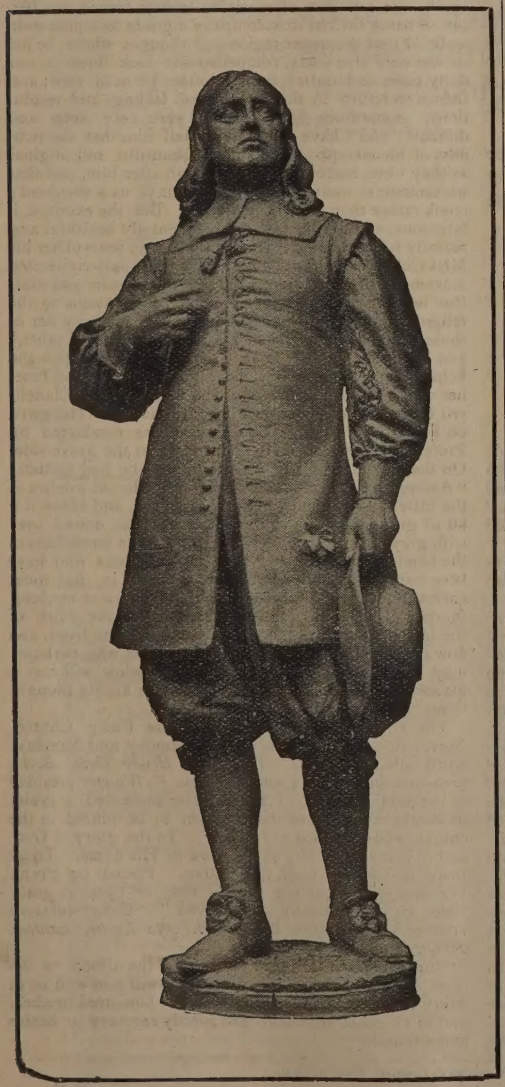
(To be continued.)

It is the business of the Church to make the reformer needless. Creation is always a nobler task than reformation.

To work fearlessly, to follow earnestly after truth, to rest with a childlike confidence in God's guidance, to leave one's lot willingly and heartily to Him—this is my sermon to myself. If we could live more in sight of heaven we should care less for the turmoil of earth.—*From the Letters of John Richard Green.*

Milton and London.

John Milton was born in the very heart of Old London, on December 9th, 1608, in Bread Street,



Cheapside. There he lived for seventeen years until he went to Cambridge. Seven years at Cambridge were followed by six years at Horton with his parents and two years on the Continent, ere he could return to the London he loved, and which he was not again to leave until driven out by the Plague. From 1640 to 1645 he lived in Aldersgate Street; from 1645 to 1647 in Barbican, a very superior suburban thoroughfare in Milton's time; from 1647 to 1649 in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Holborn; from 1649 to 1652 in official residence at Whitehall, as Latin Secretary to Cromwell; from 1652 to 1660 in a pretty garden-house in Petty France, now York Street, Westminster; from May, 1660, to January, 1661, in hiding from the Stuarts, first in Bartholomew Close, and then in Holborn; from 1661 to 1664 in Jewin Street, near Aldersgate; from 1664 to 1665 in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields; from July, 1665, to March, 1666, at Chalfont St. Giles', in a cottage found by Ellwood; from March, 1666, to November, 1674, in Artillery Walk once more, the Plague being over, and dying here, he was buried in St. Giles' Church, Cripplegate.

Thus, it will be seen, Milton was born in London, lived no less than 50 years in London, died in London, was buried in London, and is the greatest man whom London can claim. *Yet London has no statue to him!*

A statue of Milton has, however, been promised by Mr. Deputy J. J. Baddeley, provided sufficient funds are collected for the purchase of a site on which to erect it, adjoining St. Giles' Church, Cripplegate, and for the restoration of the north front of the church, which, in consequence of the removal of some old houses (which had been built against it), is in a very dilapidated condition.

At least £3500 will be required, of which £2000 has been subscribed locally, and £500 promised by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, on condition that the whole scheme is carried out; thus leaving £1000 to be further subscribed.

The design, of which we give a fine reproduction, represents Milton walking in his

garden, apostrophizing the Spirit. The head is modelled from the clay bust of Milton—taken in his lifetime—now in the possession of Christ's College, Cambridge.

The figure will be cast in bronze, and stand upon a Portland stone pedestal, having bronze bas reliefs on two sides; the subject of one being taken from an incident in "Comus," the other representing the expulsion, as described in "Paradise Lost." The whole would be nearly 13 feet in height.

It is proposed to cut on the front of the pedestal, under Milton's name, the following lines, taken from the opening of "Paradise Lost":—

"O Spirit . . . . .
. . . . what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men."

FRANK K. FREESTON.

News from the Field.

RESIGNATIONS.—Since our last issue, the *Rev. W. G. Price* has given notice to Hinckley congregation that he will terminate his engagement at the end of May, and the *Rev. W. F. Turland* brings his ministry at Walsall to an end in June. The *Rev. C. Travers* has resigned the pulpit of the Viaduct Unitarian Church, Carlisle.

APPOINTMENT.—The *Rev. E. E. Jenkins*, assistant minister of Upper Chapel, Sheffield, has accepted an invitation to Walmsley.

A most interesting SERVICE OF CONSECRATION AND RECOGNITION was held at Essex Church on the morning of Palm Sunday, when the minister (the *Rev. F. K. Freeston*) gave the right hand of fellowship to sixteen new members, most of whom had attended the minister's Preparation Class. At the close each of the new members signed the roll book in the sight of all present.

LECTURES to celebrate the Centenary of *Priestley's* death were delivered at Maidstone by the *Rev F. K. Freeston;* at Wolverhampton by *Mr. Herbert New;* and at Birmingham and West Bromwich by the *Rev. J. Wood.* In each case the lecture was illustrated by a fine set of lantern slides provided by *Mr. Freeston.*

After a long, active, and honoured career, *Frances Power Cobbe* passed away on Easter Tuesday. She was one of the brightest of the long roll of famous women who added renown to the Victorian era. After many painful struggles she thought her way out of the straitest sect of Evangelicalism into Theism touched with Christian emotion. At that time, without a friend to whom she could turn for guidance, she found help in *Francis Newman's* great book on "The Soul," and more especially in *Theodore Parker's* "Discourse on Religion." When settled in London as a journalist she attended the ministry of Dr. Martineau at Little Portland Street, and became one of his most ardent disciples. No one who has read it can forget her vivid description of the services and the preacher at that chapel. She says in her autobiography, "They were very varied sermons which Dr. Martineau used to preach. The general effect, I used to think, was not that of receiving lessons from a teacher, but of being invited to accompany a guide on a mountain walk. From the upper regions of thought where he led us, we were able—nay, compelled—to look down on our daily cares and duties from a loftier point of view; and thence to return to them with fresh feelings and resolutions. Sometimes these ascents were very steep and difficult; and I have ventured to tell him that the richness of his metaphors and similes, beautiful and original as they were, made it harder to climb after him, and that we sometimes wanted him to hold out to us a shepherd's crook rather than a jewelled crozier. But the exercise, if laborious, was to the last degree mentally healthful and morally strengthening." During the last 30 years of her life Miss Cobbe was absorbed in and by the anti-vivisection movement, of which indeed she was the founder and soul. But here we cannot forget her noble contributions to the religious thought of the last half-century made by her in those little books, "Broken Lights," "Dawning Lights," and "Hopes for the Human Race,"—books in which she helped many to surmount the difficulties that had beset her own path of pilgrimage. She was buried in Llanelltyd Cemetery, near her own beautiful home at Hengwrt, on Friday, April 8th. The service was conducted by Professor Carpenter, in the house and at the grave side. On the last page of her autobiography she had written: "Among the objects in view from my bedroom window is the little ivy-covered church of Llanelltyd, and below it a bit of ground sloping to the westering sun, dotted over with grey and white stones, where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep, together with a few others who have been our friends and neighbours. There, in that quiet enclosure, will in all probability be the bourn of my long journey of life, with a grey headstone for the *Finis* of the last chapter of the book which I have first lived, and now have written. I hope that the reader who, perhaps, may drive some day along the road below will cast a glance upon that churchyard, and give a kindly thought to me, when I have gone to rest."

The JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS of the Unity Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, were held on Sunday and Monday, April 9th and 10th. The *Rev. Henry Gow, B.A.*, preached the sermons, and the *Rev. F. Walters* presided at the public meeting. *Mr. Walters* presented a tablet in commemoration of the occasion to be placed in the church, and inscribed as follows: "To the glory of God, and in memory of fifty years' work in His name. To us there is but one God, the Father. Placed by Frank Walters, minister of the church 1885 to 1904, in gratitude for opportunity of service." Congratulatory addresses were given by *Messrs. Otto Levin, Laidler, Elliott*, and *R. Affleck.*

Our readers will regret to hear of the illness of the *Rev. J. C. Street*, of Shrewsbury, and will join with us in every expression of sympathy with our honoured brother, and in all good wishes for his speedy recovery to health and strength.

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